# Entwined

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7369789.

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| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Characters: | Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom |
| Additional Tags: | Vampires, Mind Manipulation, Kidnapping |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-07-02 Updated: 2016-07-06 Words: 3,296 Chapters: 3/? |

# Entwined

by TrebleClef

Summary

Will Graham wakes up to find his life will never be the same again as his life is taken and controlled by Hannibal, a 300 year old vampire.

Notes

Hi all, this is my first attempt at Fan-fiction so any comments are appreciated :) slow moving at the beginning.

# Where am I?

Chains chaffed my wrists as I shifted, dragging me to full consciousness. Sensations rippled with increasing persistence across my awareness. Pain. Desperation. Thirst. One word branded itself across the inside of my mind. FEED, FEED, FEED. I lifted my head in panic to see a single light illuminating the room dully, darkness lurked in the corners of the square room. I attempted to glance around and realised I was in a reinforced room with plain gray concrete walls that looked meticulously sound proofed. The room was sizeable with black tiled floors and absent of any furnishings. There were no windows and the only way out looked to be a door in the ceiling with a strong looking steel ladder leading up to it. It looked as if it were bolted from the outside with no way to unlock it from this side. Whoever did this planned for the long- term. As panic began to build my control began to slip and an animalistic need blasted mercilessly through me, hands curled into claws and lips lifted in a vicious snarl as my body's instincts took over, instincts that frightened me by my inability to interpret them and their removal from my previous experience of myself. A rapidly receding part of my mind whispered meekly that I had been violated, changed and needed to regain control. My arms wrenched against the chains pulling at already tender flesh and growling filled the room that I realised with a jolt was coming from me. The shock of that discovery allowed me to recover a modicum of myself and I lifted my head scanning my surroundings in a frantic search for answers. The words "My name is Will Graham" slipped from between my lips and I was assaulted with a barrage of memories that flashed like lightening across my consciousness. Maroon eyes, ash blond hair and strong arms lifting my easily. A sharp pain in my arm as blackness enveloped me, comforting in its embrace contrasting with my violent dreams. As I blinked away the memories I looked down and realised I was wearing my sleep shirt and boxers my skin slick and revolting with my average nights sweat. The routine site caused fear to blossom across my chest and distracted me from the throb in my incisors like a steady determined heart beat. "Hannibal Lector" I said but the creations of my mind would have arisen from my vivid nightmares. Hannibal was my friend and I brushed the thought off immediately. I was a profiler and ex cop and trained for this, clearly I'd been given a concoction of drugs for someone's amusement which was bringing on these unusual symptoms.

Perhaps this was all a creation of my fevered mind, another vivid hallucination to join the others that often twisted and broke my perception of reality. But something chilling in my gut told my these thoughts were wishful and unrealistic. I folded my legs under me and crossed my arms over my chest to try and fight of the feeling of vulnerability my eyes frantically scanning for any clues. Another pang of thirst caused my muscles to spasm simultaneously and I cringed silently in pain refusing to give anyone who could be listening the satisfaction of hearing my cries. I looked at the chains around my wrists and ankles that bound me securely to the floor, they were shiny and new looking and a firm tug that caused my aching limbs to protest told me they would not be easy to remove. Each chain was secured with a lock to the wall, and I had no doubts were the key would be. A thick blanket was tucked carefully under me with what looked to be a very high thread count. This person looked to have money with emotions that conflicted with the ideas of imprisonment and torture. The level of control demonstrated by the spotlessness of the room suggested this person worked alone. I thought perhaps this could be something I could take advantage of and wondered

how long it would be before someone noticed I was gone. Before Jack came hammering on my door looking for me to surrender my mind to the perils of my damn imagination, an imagination that I was often at the mercy of. Before Hannibal came with a hot meal and the silent promise not to judge or be disgusted but to understand and listen. My own reliance on Hannibal was a underlining worry to me that always seemed to dissipate in his presence, though that concern was dwarfed by my current circumstances. I hoped desperately that the dogs were okay, I wouldn't forgive myself if they were hurt. Thoughts of my dogs caused my emotions to spiral and anger turned my vision red, another growl ripping out of my throat. I slammed my head backwards in shock against the wall. The sharp pain allowed me to regain some control again as my head began to throb along with my aching incisors. My eyebrows drew together in thought, I'd never heard of a drug with these effects. Something was very, very wrong. As the shock started to subside great heaving sobs wracked my body and I curled into a ball allowing my whirlwind of emotions to temporarily consume me.

I didn't realise I'd been near catatonic until the unmistakable opening of the door caused me to push quickly up from the floor, an instinctual hunger begin to arise and I clenched all my muscles in an effort to ignore it. My mouth was dry and my head ached with what vaguely resembled dehydration but magnified a hundredfold. I felt my body switch to high alerting skipping altogether my normal sleep muddled state my eyes focused intently on the door that opened in a brisk and casual manner that in that situation seemed ridiculous. Expensive polished shoes appeared first and then suit pants expertly tailored. A nagging thought tugged at my hyper aware mind that was currently saturated with that unexplainable, confusing need. As the figure continued to descend my eyes widened in shock at the undeniable site of Hannibal Lector.

# Plan in Motion

Will continuously pushes at the boundary's of his own mind with his work, the latest crime scene pushed through the paper thin walls of his sanity. Upon seeing the scene Will had swayed dangerously sweat already beading on his forehead, eyes fevered and frantic not settling on anything for more then a couple of seconds. I moved over silently and easily caught Will as he collapsed, eyes staring blankly ahead. After briefly checking his vitals I carried him to my Bentley releasing a grunt for show as I easily moved his weight. Will's breakdown was inevitable, I had been waiting for it to put my plans in motion. It provided me with the perfect opportunity to tell Jack that Will needed a few days leave. As Jack watched a deflated Will slump in the passenger seat of my Bentley it was clear he was defeated. I allowed my body to display a steely determination to ensure I was understood and Jack nodded as a look of disappointment tinged with worry crossed his features.

Will was silent on the drive to Wolf trap and occasional glances at his face told me his imagination had claimed him making him oblivious to the real world. I projected a soothing aura and silence remained our companion for the entire journey. As I slid smoothly into the drive way the sight of his home seemed to rouse Will and the dogs barked excitedly at his arrival. I avoided displaying my distaste for the creatures and ensured to slip them a treat once we were inside the house. Will shuffled in absently smoothing a hand over Winston's coat in an obsessive manner. I guided him carefully to a seat shooing the dogs outside and setting a glass of water in front of Will. Deciding it was time for him to come back to reality I settled a hand on his shoulder and watched him subconsciously lean into it, a genuine smile curled on my lips at the victory. Perhaps his transition would move more smoothly then originally anticipated. I had lodgings built at a suitable isolated location with those who helped to construct it efficiently disposed of. I had made sure all were without family and from a variety of locations to avoid arousing suspicion. There was no links left to it and it was in an undisturbed location. I put out a hand and tilted up Will's chin forcing eye contact. "Will" I repeated patiently until a flicker of recognition flitted across his eyes. "Hannibal?" he replied his consciousness foggy as he struggled to awareness. I watched in silence until Will was somewhat aware and purposely showed him a face of tender concern. "Will you broke down at a crime scene do you remember that?". Will's eyes widened and he straightened in his chair eyes blinking rapidly.
" urgh…yes…yes" he mumbled becoming more coherent as he spoke. I pushed the glass of water to him and ordered "drink". Will obediently picked up the glass and drained it. I continued to sit with him until Will could hold a conversation and told Will I had to return to Baltimore. As I left I told Will he had the weekend as leave to recover and I would see him on Monday, Will's face twitched involuntarily with disappointment and I hid a smirk as I left.

After going home and cooking a hot meal, which I placed in a Tupperware container, I called in on Alana and explained Will's situation. Alana would be the last person to see Will moving any suspicion from me before it had a chance to raise its head. After Alana promised to drop in on Will and deliver the food I returned home and played the harpsichord as I whiled away the time until I would get Will and force him to submit to the darker side of his nature allowing him to join me eternally, companions in our proclivities. I relished the thought of releasing Will from his self flagellation. I fetched a bottle of exquisitely aged wine mixed

with AB+ blood from an extraordinarily rude women who had refused to move her car when it blocked mine while in Baltimore. Her screams echoed through my memory palace, a soothing melody that accompanied the wine that beautifully quenched my thirst. A much better use for the women, to soothe were she had once irritated. To enjoy what was once repulsive was deliciously ironic. Julie Harp I believe her name was. Though always in control of my thirst I saw no need to allow myself to suffer it. I tried to capture the rhythm of the women's screams as I cut several veins on her body watching the blood trickle out lazily, my fingers danced gracefully across the harpsichord in an imitation of her. I had eventually sliced her carotid artery collecting the blood meticulously as her screams subsided to submissive whimpers and then an eternal silence. By severing her spinal cord I prevented her moving and any of her blood being lost. I would not display her body so as to ensure Will would not be bothered by Jack and the lack of blood in the corpse would not raise suspicions.

The thoughts of turning Will brought back memories of my own transition. It was three hundred years ago and I had forced a vampire I had tracked to turn me, rather liking the idea of eternal life. At the time knowledge of vampires was commonplace and their existence known and accepted. As time had progressed this knowledge had been lost. Once I had achieved my goal I had killed the vampire and quickly learnt to control my new instincts, the ability to adapt to new situations being a talent of mine. Three hundred years I had walked the earth alone with boredom a persistent friend, on meeting Will Graham I knew I had to possess him. Perhaps one day he would be my equal with his inclinations towards the side of life that frightened others. I always knew I would turn him and as I got closer to this being a reality a low hum of excited anticipation built within me at the prospect of seeing how Will would react. This of course I kept under wraps and only indulged in when alone. Would he give in immediately to his new needs and instincts or offer me a challenge? Will's unpredictability was part of the draw and of course I hoped for the latter. The chance to break Will piece by piece would be a memorable experience that would inhabit many rooms of my memory palace. His already susceptible state should ensure success but I had many ways of manipulating Will to achieve the desired outcome. I suspected he would be reluctant to feed at first and that would have to be addressed, while I liked to indulge in blood not from the source a vampire must feed and Will's denial of his needs would end. Not matter what action had to be taken.

I checked over the contents of my bag with practised ease, a needle with a powerful sedative and a blanket, sparse in comparison to my normal array of tools. I had already administered the sedative to Will's protein scramble Alana had delivered to him earlier that day. The sedative was undetectable if the food was analysed. I slipped into Will's house easily opening the back door I had left open earlier and Will had predictably forgot to lock. The dogs turned their heads up eagerly and with a gloved hand I gave each a treat from Will's kitchen after which I shooed them out of the room. I stood silently over Will for a moment drinking in his humanity and sweet vulnerability. After that I easily scooped up Will who was skinny from lack of food and sweating profusely through his clothes as I swaddled him in the blanket. He opened his eyes, looking up at me in a barely conscious state. At that I efficiently slid the needle into his upper arm and pushed the sedative into Will's veins.

# No Going Back

After driving to the secured location I deposited Will in the basement while I gathered the necessary tools I had prepared. His chest rose and fell his heart beats echoing in my ears, a significance given to them now that they were numbered. Transiting a human to vampire is tricky and not all survive but I had confidence in Wills ability to live. After arranging my tools and setting up the operating table I carried Will upstairs. He remained still as I firmly strapped him to the table. I had to stop his heart and immediately inject him with my blood and then he would wake vampire or he would not wake. I picked up a three syringes filling each with my blood. I looked down at Will one last time. His curls were plastered to his forehead and his blue eyes rolled in their sockets as he tried to wake.

I pulled up his shirt and got the paddles started, my head and heart steady. Doubt was absent from my mind. I put the paddles on Wills chest watching emotionless as his back arched off the table and his body strained against the leather straps, his mouth opened in a silent scream his eyes fluttered. The sedative still prevented him from achieving consciousness. When he lay flat again the table I took his pulse at his throat. Still there but weak. I applied the paddles again increasing the voltage. This time Wills heart did not remain beating. I quickly but efficiently injected him with the my blood, finding gratification in the fact that my very essence was what was changing Will, pushing him into his new existence. Waiting for several minutes I watched to see if Will had survived, admiring the site of him on the table sprawled and in my power to mould. After five minutes his fists clenched and face pinched in obvious pain a small gasp permeating the silence that had become tangible. Smiling in satisfaction I released Will from the straps and lifted him, acutely feeling the absence of a heart beat. As I deposited him on a blanket and secured him in the chains I pondered on what his future would look like with me and on the Will that in a few hours would awaken. After my change even I had trouble initially controlling my roiling emotions, often switching quickly between them and having to struggle for control. With Wills empathy he would find it especially hard now he had transitioned, others emotions would press against the feeble walls of his control. Something I would help him with and use to foster a reliance necessary to successfully force Will to adapt to his new life.

With one last glance at Will who was stirring restlessly I climbed the ladder and firmly bolted the door. Will's strength would increase once he had fed and no risks would be taken, I would not lose him now he was mine. When any one eventually went to Wills house they would find an unlocked door, a pack of dogs and an absent Will. Will kept a bag of Kibble that the dogs could easily reach if desperate enough meaning they wouldn't starve, a fact that may be used to calm Will. I glanced at the monitor of the camera I had in the room, covertly hidden and undetectable. Will remained unconscious were I left him as he would be for many hours as his body and mind were changed and enhanced, new desires being created within him. I sketched the site of Will lying on the operating table to pass the time until my eyes darted to the monitor at the sights and sounds of Will finally stirring. I watched enthralled as he battled fruitlessly with himself switching from semi civilised and searching for answers to wild and hungry emotions clear on his face and body. I allowed him to settle and his circumstances to sink in before descending into the basement. In order for Will to accept his transition he would have to understand there was no escape from his new reality.

I had bags of blood “donations” in the freezer ready, each blood type clearly labelled with the date it was obtained. Above the basement a tastefully furnished lodge was situated. In the Lodge my master suite was situated with another one located opposite mine for Will. The sheets a rich blue satin to bring out the blue of Wills eyes and an appropriate wardrobe in the dark wooden drawers. There was mostly jeans and shirts, clothes Will already wore but to a much better standard then he was likely accustomed too. The light cast a warm homely glow when I switched it on that reflected on the dark varnished wooden oak headboard. Despite misconceptions about vampires they could in fact sleep and go out in the sun though it would be initially painful. Therefore metal shades that could only be raised and lowered by a remote I possessed were on the two large windows, one with a thickly blanketed window seat with an easily reachable small collection of books. Thick dark blue curtains imported from France adorned the windows matching the room tastefully. The carpet was a thick and soft muted grey. I smoothed the satin of the bed sheets under my fingers imagining Will situated beneath them, a Will unburdened by the truth of himself. With that thought I moved calmly out of Wills room and began to descend steadily into the basement.

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